A HAPPY MAN. Ah. life looks very bright to me, Since I have heard her say. With sweet, becoming modesty, She'll marry me some day—

If I will give up smoking: If I will cut the club and leave My best friends in the lurch; If I will never stay out late,

But hasten home at nine: If 1 will let her have her way-If I will move to Brooklyn; And never touch a card: If I will buckle down to work, And labor long and hard To buy her stylish bonnets. And gowns, and lots of gloves;

Then I may be that happy man, The lucky man she loves! If I'll be always pleasant, And never, never scold: And never make her nurse me, And not grow cross and old; And always stay good looking-She can't stand ugly men-If I come up to her ideal,

Why, we'll be married, then That's why I am so happy, And why I often seem Inconscious and abstracted— I'm living in a dream: She is so sweet and pretty, And so unselfish, too! I wonder how I won her love-

I can't believe it's true!

IN A BOOM HOUSE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



HE Crock's Point sheera few yards be-From the pier it swung free

down the middle of the channel for a distance of several hundred yards, swaying toward | would simply have gone to pieces under one shore or the other according to the the various assaults of wind and waves set of the winds and the strength of and the rolling of the boom. The floor, the current. It was a sturdy structure, in particular, was very carefully seof squared and bolted timbers, about cured, being bolted to the boom at the three feet in width and rising some four corners, that it might not be torn three or four inches above the surface away by any chance collision with log

the pier so as to swing as on a hinge; cracks of the wall, and I was drenched and at a distance of perhaps seventy almost before I knew it. Through the yards below the pier it had a second open door, too, the back wash of the open joint. At the head of this section waves rolled heavily, and, even withstood a windlass, wound with a light out the increasing peril of the situawire cable. At intervals of ten or tion, the prospect of having to pass the twelve feet along the right-hand side of this section, for about one hundred far from comforting. and fifty feet in all, were hinged stout wings of two-inch plank, ten feet long and eighteen inches wide, set edgewise in the water so as to catch the current darkness that ensued my apprehensions like a rudder or a centerboard. Through iron staples, in the outer ends of these wings, ran and was fastened the cable from the windlass. When the cable was unwound the wings lay flat against the side of the boom. But a few turns of the windlass sufficed to draw the wings out at an angle to the boom; whereupon the force of the current sweeping strongly against their faces, would slowly sway the whole free length of the boom toward the opposite shore. The section of the sheer boom thus peculiarly adorned was called the wing boom. Just above the upper end of the wing boom, at a place widened out a few feet to receive it, was built a little shanty known as the boom house. To the spectator from the shore the boom house seemed to be afloat on the wide, lonely level of the

The office of the sheer boom was to guide the run of the logs as they came floating brisky down from the lumber regions of the upper river. As long as the wings were not in use, and the boom swung with the current, the logs were allowed to continue their journey down the middle of the channel. But when the wings were set and the boom stood over toward the far shore, then the stream of logs was diverted into the mouth of the stationary boom, whose chain of piers held them imprisoned till they were wanted at the mill below the island. In the boom house dwelt an old lumberman named Mat Barnes, who, though his feet and ankles were crippled with rheumatism from exposure to the icy water in the spring stream drivings, was, nevertheless, still clever in the handling of boat or canoe, and very competent to manage the windlass and the wing boom.

On the southward slope of the line of uplands which, thrusting out boldly into the river, formed Crock's point, stood a comfortable old farmhouse in



whose seclusion I was spending the months of August and September. I was writing a book, and had taken able circumstances-I took out my refuge at the point to be safe from in- watch to wind it. The hour was halfterruption. After working at my desk past nine. From that hour till nearly for a son-in-law until the funds were until about four o'clock in the after midnight there was no change in the cut off, and then the gent removed himto the shore and hail Mat Barnes, who were running low, I occupied myself in would presently paddle over in his skiff protecting the light with the aid of the had not heard how the affair turn and take me out to the boom for my tin box already spoken of. And at out, "isn't your son-in-law a peer?" afternoon swim. The boom was a last, strange as it may seem, I found

One rough afternoon, when the boom anxiety and suspense; but partly also, was all awash, and the wind sweeping no doubt, a sort of semi-hypnotic be-up the river so keen with suggestion of wilderment induced by the motion and autumn that I was glad to do my un- by the monotonous clamor of the dressing and my dressing in the boom- storm.

From County Register ing and watching the boom for him for suddenly I felt myself hurled out of the bunk. I fell heavily upon the floor. to buy himself some coffee and mo-

> "Delighted," said I, "if you'll get back in good time, so I won't keep supper waiting at the farm." "I'll be back inside of an hour, sure," replied Mat, confidently.

Knowing Mat's fondness for a little gossip at the grocery, I felt by no means so confident; but I could not hesitate to oblige him in the matter, a small enough return for the favors he was doing me daily.

I stayed in the water nearly half an hour, and while I was swimming about I noticed that the wind was fast freshening. The steep and broken waves made swimming somewhat difficult, and the crests of the whitecaps that occasionally slapped me in the face made me gasp for breath. While dressing I thought, with some consternation, that this vigorous wind would prove a serious hindrance to Mat Barnes' return, as it would be blowing directly in his teeth.

For a time I sat sulkily in the door of the boom house, with my feet on a block to keep them out of the wet. The door opened away from the wind, and against the back of the little structure the waves were beginning to lash with sufficient violence to make me uneasy. I strained my eyes up-river to catch the first glimpse of Mat forcing his way cleverly against the tossing white caps. But no such welcome vision rewarded me. At last I was compelled to acknowledge that the storm had become too violent for him to return against it without assistance. I should have to wait in the boom house either till the wind abated, or till Mat should succeed in finding a pair of stout arms and a willing heart to come with him to my rescue.

At first my thoughts dwelt with keen regret on the smoking pancakes and boom started luscious maple sirup that I knew were from the shore even then awaiting me at the farmhouse under the hill, and somewhat low the point. bitterly I reviled Mat's lack of consid-It slanted out eration. But as the sky grew rapidly and down till it dark, while it wanted yet a half-hour met a great pier of sundown, and the wind came shriekin mid river, to ing more madly down from the hills, which it was and the boom house began to creak and secured by groan and shudder beneath the waves heavy chains, that were leaping upon it, anxiety for my safety took the place of all other considerations.

Frail as the boom house appeared, it was well jointed and framed, or it or ice cake. At every wave, however, The boom, of course, was jointed at the water came spurting through the night in such cold, inescapable slop was

The door was made to fit snugly, so I shut it in the hope of keeping out some of the water, but in the almost total became unbearable. The writhing roll of the boom grew more and more excessive, and produced a sickening sensation. I threw the door open again, but was greeted with such a fierce rush of wave and spray that I shut it as quickly as I could.

I had never before been on the boomhouse after dark, so I did not know what Mat was accustomed to do for light. After much difficult groping, however, I found a t in box, fortunately quite waterproof, in which were matches and a good long piece of candle. When I had succeeded in getting the candle to burn I stuck a fork through it and pinned it to the driest spot I could find, which was the edge of Mat's bunk, away up close to the roof. Presently a spurt of water struck the veering and smoky flame, and again I was in darkness. Of course I lost no time in relighting the candle, but within ten minutes it was out again. I repeated the process, and was prepared to keep it up as long as the matches would hold out. In fact I was thankful for that little annoyance, as it gave me something to do and diverted my mind somewhat from my own helplessness and from the imminent peril of the sit-

There was absolutely nothing that I could do to help myself. To reach the shore by crawling along the boom would have been quite impossible. I should have inevitably been swept off before going three feet beyond the shelter of the boom house. In those choppy and formless seas and in the bewildering darkness, I should have found it impossible to swim, or even to keep my mind clear as to the direction in which the shore lay. Though a strong swimmer, and accustomed to rough water. I knew very well that in that chaos I should soon be exhausted. and either drowned or dashed against the boom. There was nothing to do but wait, and pray that the boom house might hold together till calm or

daylight It was a strange picture my faint candle revealed to me, within the four narrow walls of my refuge. All the implements and accessories of Mat's somewhat primitive housekeeping had been shaken from their shelves or from the nails on which they hung, and were coasting about the floor with a tinny clatter, as the boom twisted and lurched from side to side. Three joints of rust-eaten stovepipe kept them in countenance; and from time to time I had to jump nimbly aside to save my shins from being broken by the careening little stove. Sometimes I would be thrown heavily against the wall or the door. At last i climbed into the bunk, where I crouched dripping and shivering, both courage and hope pretty well

Being something of a slave to routine, when I found myself in what resembled a sleeping place-or might ners.-N. Y. Independent. have resembled one under more favormost convenient and delightful place myself growing sleepy. It was partly "to go in off of," as the boys say. the result of exhaustion caused by my

The boom house was in utter darkness. staggered to my feet and groped for the candle; it was gone from the edge of the bunk. In my fall I had evident-

ly swept it away. The motion of the boom had now greatly increased in violence, and it was impossible for me to stand up without clinging tightly to the edge of the bunk. In the thick dark the stove crashed against my legs so heavily that I thought for a moment one of them was broken. I drew myself up again into the bunk, no longer feeling in the least degree sleepy.

Presently I realized what had happened. The boom had parted, at the joint where the wings began, and my section was swinging before the wind. The waves frequently went clear over the roof, and came pouring down the vacant pipe hole in torrents, whose volume I could guess by their sound. The pitching, rolling, tossing, and the thrashing of the waves were appalling, and I fervently blessed the sound workmanship that had put together the little boom house so as to stand such undreamed-of assaults. But I knew it could not stand them much longer. Moment by moment I expected to find myself fighting my last battle amid a crash of mad waters and shattered

In a little I began to realize that the boom must have parted in two places at least. From the unchecked violence of its movements I knew it must have broken loose at the pier. With this knowledge came a ray of hope. As my section was now nothing more than a long and very attenuated raft, it might presently be blown ashore somewhere. If the boom house would only hold out so long I might have a fair chance of escaping; but I realized that the progress of the fragment of boom would necessarily be slow, as wind and current were at odds together over it.

Cooped up in that horrible darkness. and clinging on to the edge of the bunk desperately with both hands, the strain soon became so intolerable that I began to wish the boom house would go to pieces and put me out of my mis-



TEARING AWAY THE REMNANT OF A DOOR

ery. None the less, however, did my heart leap into my throat when at length there came a massive thud, a grinding crash, and the side of the ed half off its foundations, and bent

I at once concluded that we had gone ashore on the point. I tried to get the door open that I might have some chance of saving myself; but the twisting of the frame had fastened it immovably. Madly I wrenched at it, but that very stability of structure which had hitherto been my safety, proved now my gravest menace. I could not budge the door; and, meanwhile, I was being thrown into all sorts of positions, while the boom ground heavily against the obstacle with which it had come in contact. The boom house was half

full of water. A fierce indignation now seized me at the thought of being drowned thus like a rat in a hole. Reaching down into the water my hands came in contact with the little stove. I raised it aloft, and brought it down with all my strength against the door. The stove went to pieces, bruising and cutting my hands; but the door was shattered,

and a wave rushed in upon me. Holding my breath, I was tearing a the remnant of the door, in doubt as to whether I should get free in time to escape suffocation, when the boom gave a yet mightier heave, and the upper part of the boom house crashed against the obstacle with a violence that tore it clear of its base. The next instant I was in deep water, striking out

blindly. When I came up, providentially ose clear of the shattered boom house. I could see nothing, and I was almost choked; but I kept my presence of mind, and battled strenuously with the boiling seas which tossed me about like a chip. In a second or two I was dashed against a pile of timbers. Halfstunned, I yet made good my hold, and instantly drew myself higher up on the pile. As soon as I had recovered my breath sufficiently to realize anything perceived that I was on one of the

The upper portion of the great structure was open, and I speedily crawled down among the rocks with which these piers are always ballasted. As I crouched to escape the chill wind which hissed between the logs, how I gloried in the thought that here was something not to be tossed about by wind and wave. Drenched, shivering, exhausted as I was, I nevertheless felt my bed of rocks in the pier-top a most luxurious retreat. I presently fell asleep, and when I woke the dawn was pink and amber in the eastern sky. I saw that the pier which had given me refuge was that to which the sheerboom had been fastened. The storm had moderated somewhat; and, forcing its way determinedly toward the pier, came Mat's skiff, propelled by Mat himself and Jim Coxen from the Cor-

The rich American had a nobleman

"By the way," said a friend who had not heard how the affair turned "Not exactly," admitted the old gentleman; "he's a disappear," and then he explained how that brand of nobility happened to be.-Detroit Free Press.

-In the thirteenth century the sweetmeats for the tables of royalty and nobility were prepared by the apothehouse, just as I was about to take my least there crouching over the caries, who called their confections plunge Mat asked if I would mind stayFOREIGN GOSSIP.

had issued 31,302,000,000 postage stamps. That would cover 3,762 square miles and would reach to the moon and back if placed end to end.

-In Dresden there is a Widowers' association, the members of which succeed remarkably well in cheering each other. They comprise forty of the jolliest fellows in the capital of lating how the small letter "yod" being

that the ancient inhabitants of Ireland | God." must have been very familiar with gold and well accustomed to its use. Native gold appears in geological deposits and deserves to be respected, properly in many parts of Ireland. -The valley of the Amazon is larger and pronounced. It may often hide

miles, the Mississippi 1,244,600 square clod which the plowman turns miles. The Amazon drains a greater may conceal a treasure. Take. area than any other river on the globe. for instance, the term "colophon," -A big bouquet of Australian cut which printers apply to the close of a flowers, which had been frozen, was printed volume. Which of them asks recently sent to Queen Victoria by Lady why it should mean "the end." or re-Duff. After the ice had been thawed calls the fact that Colophon was that the blossoms are said to have presented one of the twelve Ionian confederate

gathered. -So broad is the scope of modern charity that in many cases, particularly in Europe, it has taken forms fanciful if not absurd. London has three or four refuges for lost dogs. These estab- to be desired that in the course of their ishments are kept up by bequests and | teaching public and private instructors

-As showing how easily London shopkeepers are taken in, Miss Halliday, a young lady of twenty-five, of no occupation, and with no visible means of subsistence, has just passed her examination in bankruptcy with \$10,000 iabilities, and "no assets." -The charitable endowments of the

European countries have not kept pace with the increase of wealth. In 1837 the endowments of Great Britain were £42,000,000; the wealth was £4,100,000,-000. In 1876 the wealth had risen to £8,050,000,000; the endowments to £51,-000,000.

-It is proposed to erect a new build ing for the chamber of deputies in Paris to cost four and a half million francs. The present hall is so small that members are much crowded. There are to be a great many comforts and conveniences in the new chamber which are lacking in the present one, and are badly needed.

-The government of South Australia some years ago caused its explorers to plant seeds of date palms at their camps. The palms from those seeds have grown to tall, productive trees; and well-matured dates have been received at Adelaide. The Queensland government is planting cocoanut palms on the islands along its coast.

to beg in the highways. At the hotel, fire is not too hot, and stir while it all veterans who have served their term in the army are supported in a style of -Experiments in the fertilization of

tobacco lands have been made in pursuance of plans adopted at a general convention of tobacco producers held boom house opposite the bunk was at Carlsruhe in 1891. The results, so stove in. At the same time the marvel- far, are not very definite, but in a genously tough little structure was twist- eral way they show that potash manures greatly improve the quality withover as if a giant hand had crushed it out greatly increasing the quantity of

Mr. Chanler, the last and voungest of African explorers, should have been Somali Lands, that vast region of ninety thousand square miles, bounded on the north by Cape Guardafui and the Abyssinian highlands, and on the south by the River Tana. Though for centuries trading ships have touched along the Somali coast, yet we have next to no knowledge about the interior up-

SURNAMES IN IRELAND.

Celtic Patronymics Becoming Anglicized Through Dropping the Mc' and O'. Blue books are not invariably comoiled in such a way as to blend the atile with the dulce, but agreeable exeptions cecasionally occur, and under this category must be placed the report prepared by Mr. R. E. Matheson, the ssistant registrar-general for Ireland, on "Surnames in Ireland," in which a series of lists illustrative of the numerical strength of the principal surnames is supplemented with a great deal of interesting information as to their derivation, ethnology and distribution.

There has been some talk of late about the extensive Anglicizing of Irish names, and hence it will rejoice the hearts of all true patriots to learn that Murphy, Kelly and Sullivan are still by far the most prevalent patronymics, the ubiquitous Smith-which leads the van both in England and Scotlandonly coming fifth in the test. It is also reassuring to lerrn that the great bulk of the most common names in the country are undoubtedly of Celtic origin, and that many of 'Mac," though the reprehensible fashion of dropping these honorable emblems of nationality has even af- in a little cold milk, a pinch of salt, fected the "patriots" themselves, Mr. known as MacDavett.

The Anglo-Norman and English names constitute the largest proportion of the residue; but a good many surnames still in use are traceable to Danish origin, while the Welsh immigration is represented by the common occurrence of the name Walsh in every

One significant point may be mentioned before we conclude our hasty survey of a most instructive report. The number of persons resident in Ireland at the time of the census, but born elsewhere, has increased from thirty-five thousand in 1841 to upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand in 1891, although the total population has decreased by almost one-half. In these circumstances the progressize Anglicizing of Irish names need excite no surprise. - London Graphic.

THE STUDY OF WORDS. Their Importance—The Labor Our Lan-

guage Has Cost. In view of the prodigious importance of words and the wealth of selfexplanation which they carry along with them, bygone scholars, and even some now among us, have not thought it a waste of time to give a whole existence to the profound study of them, as to accent, sound and inner meanwill bestow twenty pages of closely-written Latin or Greek upon a single would.—Hallo.

particle. Nay, those earnest book- HE DID NOT HAVE TO PAY. worms and transcribers who have -Up to 1884 the English post office given us our written speech in such perfection carried their deep reverence for absolute correctness in language beyond long words and short words into the letters themselves and their formation. Not without profound lessons for careless speakers, writers and students is that legend of the Talmudical times, reone day badly put upon the parchment -All authorities agree in stating raised itself up and "cried aloud to

A word is really one of the most

wonderful things of man's creation.

understood and carefully employed

than that of the Mississippi, the for- within its noble moving histories mer river draining 2,330,000 square though lightly used, just as the as fresh an appearance as though just cities which furnished cavalry to the league, and these horsemen were so good and valiant that they always finished off a battle victoriously, so that "to come to Colophon" was to put the last touch to a business? It is greatly everywhere would give themselves more pains to explain and elicit for their students the inner history and force of words. Few, indeed, there are in any language which will not yield up to patient and enlightened analysis some illuminating record of how they came upon the tongues of men. Some are as ancient as the first sound that was babbled by a child to its mother; some have whole histories in them; some are new, ugly and incorrect, and, like "scientist," "authoritarian" and "electrocution," vex the scholarly ear with their base construction. Possibly the new school of English literature at Oxford may effect something to revive and encourage the declining study of words. It is only the ignorant and the foolish who think that it matters little how we deal in speech and script with these coins of the mind.-Londor

CHOCOLATE DAINTIES.

Telegraph.

Perfect Cup of Hot Chocolate and Suc cessful Chocolate Fillings. For a cup of hot chocolate that will be both food and drink in its rich consistency, take an ounce of grated choc-

Take an ounce of chocolate for each cup unless there are more than six. After that less is needed. When it is melted, which must be done in a little -The Hotel des Invalides in Paris is | cold milk if grated, pour on a half pint a royal charity. Before the establish- of sweet, new milk boiling; add sugar ment of this institution, retired vet- to taste, cover and set over boiling waerans of the French army received no ter if you use a bain marie; if you have pensions, but were granted permission only a plain saucepan, set it where the

Now, if you will take the wire spoon with which you beat the whites of eggs and whip the mixture, it assumes the light, creamy smoothness that is so inviting to everybody. Whip some cream to pile on top of the chocolate after it is in the cups.

Chocolate filling for layer cake should be made in the proportion of one egg to every two ounces of chocolate. Melt the chocolate over boiling water; beat the whites of the eggs to a foam, and -It is a matter of sincere regret that | then beat in gradually two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; you must beat until it is stiff enough to stand alone. compeled to turn back from Galla and Then beat in the meited chocolate gradually. This is not only the filling between the layers of cake, but is right for the icing.

You can prepare the filling differenty if eggs are scarce by allowing equal quantities of sugar and chocolate: stir the sugar into the melted chocolate and flavor to taste with vanilla.

For a delicious blanc mange allow two ounces of grated chocolate to a quart of sweet milk. Here the same note concerning the grating holds good; if you are careful to blend the chocolate perfectly smooth before putting it into the boiling milk the process is not of consequence; the idea is to have the chocolate thoroughly incorporated so that it may be quite free from lumps.

When you have thus amalgamated so to speak, the boiling milk and chocolate, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of cornstarch that you have rubbed into a smooth paste with enough cold water to make it pour easily.

This mixture you must allow to boil at least five minutes, or even longer, if the least rawness of taste remains. Take the saucepan from the fire, add sugar to make very sweet, and vanilla extract to taste. This receipe fills a three-pint mold. Serve with plain custard sauce or with cream. It should be perfectly smooth and free from

A chocolate pudding that is both economical and pretty, besides being palatable, is made of powdered cracker crumbs. Use three-quarters of a cupthem still retain the prefixes "O" and ful, which you soak a few minutes in water, and then squeeze dry; to this add three ounces of chocolate dissolved three-quarters of a cup of sugar and Davitt, for example, being a scion of the same of butter, beaten with the the ancient Celtic family till recently yolks of three eggs, pour in a quart of milk, stir all together.

Bake about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. Set aside to cool, and then put a meringue on top made of the whites of eggs and a cup of powdered sugar; put it back in the oven to brown slightly. -Boston Globe.

"Not Worth Shucks."

About Lake George, where the speech of the people is rich in archaisms, l find "shuck" used, not for the corncovering, but for the outer covering of the hickory-nut-called here and in some other northern districts "walnut." But the Lake Georgians do not, I believe. speak of "bean shucks," as people do in parts of England. Perhaps, after all, the apparently American proverbial phrase, "not worth shucks," is older than Jamestown, for the shucks of Indian corn are the only shucks that are valuable. But to "shuck off one's coat" in order to "lick" a man "tell his hide won't hold shucks" smacks of those parts of the United States in which a man so threatened can "take to the tall corn" for concealment.-Edward Eggleston, in Century.

A Strange Case. Physician-I trust you gave him the

emetic I ordered? Devoted Wife-Yes, doctor, I gave it to him regularly every three hours, ing. Some of the old commentators but I couldn't make the food you pre-

One-Legged Pennsylvania Man Who Has Speni a Fortune in Tolla. Speaking of bridges.

One time there was a one-legged man who lived in Kittanning, Pa., and who had a fairly comfortable situated married sister living across the river in Williamsburg. He had lived along the rivers of Pennsylvania all his life, and had worked at the modest but honorable occupation of shoemaker, but who had in every instance had some tie on the farther side of the river which drew him over the bridge evenings and Sundays and holidays.

Of course in Pennsylvania all the bridges are toll bridges, and even foot passengers are required to contribute at least two cents every time they cross.

This shoemaker had observed that a large number of men in the humbler walks of life wore one leg instead of two, as was the case in other states. Indeed, he was quite consoled with his loss by the reflection that peg-legged men were quite the fashion.

One evening he started across the bridge as usual, and when he came to the toll-taker's lodge in the center he stumped over the roadway, dropped his little fee and went on. "Funny thing," he mused. "I never

paid my toll vet but I had to walk across the roadway to the toll-taker. My path seems to be always on the wrong side of the bridge. I should think now and then a toll-taker's office should be on my side of the bridge."

But he went on, visited his sister and started back. On the return trip he met another peg-legged man going over to Kittanning and the two walked together. When they came up to the lodge the shoemaker fished up two pennies and started across the dusty roadway.

"Where you going?" asked the other peg-legged man, halting and looking curiously at his companion.

"Going to pay toll." "Why, you don't have to." "What?"

"You don't have to. One-legged men don't have to pay toll in Pennsylvamia. The law always exempts them. It is only able-bodied men who pay

The shoemaker looked long and earnestly at the wise man; then concluded he would try it. He walked past the lodge, watched the keeper, saw a grin spread over that pig-iron face and then

burst out: "And I have been paying toll on this bridge for the past four years, four times a week! Jerusalem, what a fool I've been!"

'Yes," agreed his companion. "And what is worse," he resumed mournfully, "is that I have always been on the wrong walk and have had to cross over."

"Yes, you're in hard luck." did. He kicked himself all the way to Kittanning with his peg leg. He took Prooftext; I ain't a kickin'.'"—Boston found rooms in Williamsburg and board in Kittanning-made the trip six times a day. He went over and back when- morning after their marriage: "Now, ever he had time, just to even things | Melindy, if you're going to wear the up. But he never could, to the day of pants, git up and make the fire; if not, his death, get back the money he had say so, and I'll wear 'em myself. We needlessly played against a Pennsylva-

nia toll bridge. There's hard luck for you.-Chicago

DEGRADED RUSSIA.

Its Social Aspect and Moral Condition in the Eighteenth Century.

Peter the Great said of his country, and said truly: "Russia is rotten before she is ripe." To realize the true meaning of these words and the fullness of their implication, one must study in detail the reigns of Elizabeth and Catherine II. In Russia, during the eighteenth century, were to be found side by side the vices alike of savagery and civilization. Add to the lack of social instinct, of humanity in the wider sense, and of moral responsibility that is to be found in a Zulu kraal, the worst corruptions that are bred in courts like that of Louis XV., and one can form some faint notion of the Russian capital under Elizabeth

The country, as a whole, was oriental in its want of civil organization, but without the idealism of the east. The capital was a welter of blood and lust, barbarism and sophistry, atheism and superstition, drunkenness and savage violence, indolence and semiinsane activity. The moral condition was reflected in the physical. Never was there such a mixture of squalor and magnificence as in the palaces of the Empress Elizabeth. The rudest and the most costly furniture were fumbled together. Filth and splendor were always alternating, and the vilest food was eaten off plates of gold .--

Spectator.

Curing Sick Headache. If you ever have sick headache, and want it cured quickly and effectively, with none of the debilitating effects of anti-pyrine or kindred druks, just take a tablespoonful of red pepper, mix it in the twilight we thought how much with vinegar to a thick paste and spread upon a cloth, cotton or linen, bind upon the forehead with a handkerchief, from temple to temple, then take about two grains of the red pepper in a teaspoonful of vinegar and swallow it. The mixture on the forehead will burn, but will not blister, and in the course of ten minutes the headache will disappear under the stimulating effects of this remedy, leaving the patient feeling as if such distressing things as sick headaches were unknown to the

human family.-N. Y. World. Strong Paper. The tough paper which comes from China and Japan is made from manilla fiber. The new and fresh fiber is not used, it being too expensive, but after it has served its purpose as a rope or cordage and has become old it is carefully picked to pieces into a stringy pulp and manufactured into paper. The paper is singularly strong; when rolled up into a string or cord it is a very good substitute for cotton or flax twine. Its strength is solely due to that of the manilla, which is one of the strongest fibers known to the manufacturer.-Chicago Herald.

The Case.

Woman, dare not to defy." She w pale but resolute, and she met the eves of the angry man without quailing. "Give it to me," with a savage snarl he seized her wrists. A cry burst from her lips. "Brute!" she shricked. The paper fluttered from her hand. With a smile of malignant triumph he snatched it and, returning to his coffee, perused in detail the cross-examination of Col. Breckiaridge. - Detroit Tribune.

A STAR LANGES

12. A TATAL TO A 100 THE TATAL TO and the same of th The distance of the first the second because

PITH AND POINT.

-Waiter-"De usual steak, sah?" Regular Customer-"No: I am tired to-

night. Bring me a plate of hash." -She-"Have you got "The Heaven-ly Twins?" Clerk-"Yes, ma'am. One dollar." She - "What for both?"-Hallo.

-Mamma-"Did you take your capsule without any trouble?" "Yes, but I had an awful time gettin

the quinine out of it."-Inter-Ocean. -Kathleen (who has been lectured severely on the proper treatment of animals)—"Mamma, why do you call my gray kitty a Maltese? Is it because I maul and tease it so?"

-Innitt (reading fashion journal)-Coats are now worn longer than ever before." Impecune—"I'm right in style then. This is the third year for mine."-Buffalo Courier.

I wish my father'd buy more blocks for me—
I must admit I think the prospect's slim.
But why he doesn't I can't really see,
Since with them I would build a house for -Harper's Young People -"What are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man. "I have none just now," replied the youth. "To-morrow is my best girl's birthday.

and I'm worrying about the present." -Pick-Me-Up. -"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded, lovingly. "Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied. "I will redeem it," he answered, absently, "if you will let we have the

ticket."-St. Louis Humorist. -"Yes," said Cholly, "I was struck by the cash, doncherknow, and stunned, and when I-aw-woke up I knew nothing-" "Ah, then you were all right when you woke up,"

said Jack Jolleboy; "back to your nat-ural condition."—N. Y. Press. -"What is senatorial courtesy?" asked the young man who is not ashamed of his ignorance. "Senatorial courtesy," replied the citizen who always believes the worst, "is what prevents a statesman from closing a deal before he has let his colleagues in on

the ground floor."-Washington Star. -Dick (feeling of Tom's biceps)-"My! what an arm! Do you frequent the gymnasium?" Tom-"Gymnasium nothing! I read all the papers, dailies and weeklies. Just try it for a week or two yourself. The amount of turning over it gives a fellow to follow the different articles from one page to another beats all the gymnasiums in Christendom for exercise." - Boston

Transcript. -"We have queer experiences in the house of mourning," said the clergyman of the party. "It was only a few weeks ago that I called upon a middleaged shoemaker, who had lost his wife. I spoke to him as I thought meet, and especially enjoined upon him the duty of being resigned. When I had got But that didn't console him. Nothing thus far, he interrupted me to say in a

-A young man, known as Long-Nosed Bennet, said to his wife, the might as well settle this matter at once." After several years, I asked him: "Well, Uncle Charley, how did it turn out?" He replied: "Wall, we've been pullin' and haulin' ever since, and I 'low each of us must have got a leg." -Home.

OLD-FASHIONED WIVES.

How Homes Are Made Bright Promises of Heaven by Them. A pretty young married woman said in our hearing the other day: "Lorraine is such an old-fashioned

"And what," we queried, "do you mean by that?" "Oh," laughed the gay little matron

as she seated herself in the big armchair and reflectively sipped her tea from a pale pink cup, "she has such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included. and never, under any circumstances, is away from home when he returns at night. Then she always gets up to breakfast with him, and even goes so far as to prepare herself certain favorite dishes for him, instead of leaving

such fussiness to the cook. "She doesn't go away in the summer until he is able to go, too; and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion. I don't believe in that sort of thing myself. I believe it spoils a man. My husband knows that I am too tired to get up at seven for the sake of sitting opposite him at the table, and I pay my servants enough to make them wait on him satisfactorily. As for staying at home whenever he can not accompany me, I simply never would get out; therefore I go my way, he goes his, and we are very well pleased

with the arrangement." After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over us, and happier many a household would be if there were more old-fashioned wives instead of the type which we had just had a chance to study.-Philadelphia Times.

Locomotive Attacked by a Cow. A striking example of the instinct of

maternal devotion in the animal kingdom, and at the same time a curious incident, was witnessed by scores of people at Wissahicken station recentv. A sleek-looking cow, with a happy-go-lucky calf at her side, wandered upon the railroad tracks just as a train pulled up at the depot. The cow got across the track ahead of the engine, but her offspring, with the recklessness of youth and curiosity of inexperience, lingered to dispute the path. The engineer crowded air on his. brakes, but the calf disappeared beneath the cowcatcher. Everybody looked for veal cutlets; but as the locomotive slowed up and stopped the calf calmly stood up under the boiler between the driving wheels. The cow heard the bleat of alarm and cought sight of her calf. She unhesitatually attacked the big iron horse and vainly endeavored to horn it off the track, bawling angrily the while. A newsboy, after a deal of mame aged to puch the calf between the drivingwheels, and cow and calf moved leisurely off as though nothing had happened.-Philadelphia Record.

A Modest Maid.

Her Father—Mr. Budd appears to be an amiable sort of chap—he had quite a large in zerest in his father's old firm. She (blushing)-I think I can discount the firm, papa, as far as interest, goes.-Truth